CAPTAIN AMERICA

NO. 58

10¢

SEPT. COMICS

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

"CRIME ON CUE"

WILL SHAKESPEARE ONCE SAID, "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"—BUT ONLY CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DARE PLAY THEIR PERILOUS ROLES WHEN A CRAZED WOODCARVER COMMITS...

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN THE LITTLE SHOP OF PETER SAZLO, WOODCARVER...

THAT IS MY MOST MAGNIFICENT CREATION! THE STATUE OF DEATH!

OH...THAT...THAT HORRIBLE STATUE! IT FRIGHTENS ME!

WELL... ER... I DON'T CARE TO BUY ANYTHING TODAY... THANK YOU!

THESE AMERICAN FOOLS! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND MY ART! UNLESS I GET CUSTOMERS SOON TO BUY MY CARVINGS, THE SHOP WILL FAIL!

IN HIS SEARCH FOR CUSTOMERS, SAZLO VISITS A NEARBY BLACKSMITH...

...AND FOR VERY LITTLE MONEY, I'LL CARVE A BEAUTIFUL SIGN OVER YOUR SHOP!

EVERYBODY KNOWS ME -- I DON'T NEED A SIGN!

AND A MAGICIAN'S DRESSING ROOM...

BUT I COULD CARVE A FINE LIKENESS OF YOU IN WOOD...

CAN'T AFFORD IT! BUSINESS IS SO BAD I CAN HARDLY AFFORD TO FEED MY RABBITS!

...AND MERCY'S QUALITY CHINA SHOP...

PLEASE, MR. MERCY!

SORRY! I'VE HEARD ABOUT THAT HORRIBLE THING YOU CARVED, THE STATUE OF DEATH! I CAN'T SELL STUFF LIKE THAT!

I WAS SO HAPPY IN EUROPE WITH THE OTHER GYPSIES! MY CARVINGS SOLD WELL THERE!

YOUR WORK IS GOOD, SAZLO! YOU SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME ON IT, INSTEAD OF ALWAYS READING SHAKESPEARE!

SHAKESPEARE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR A FITTING REVENGE ON THESE HATEFUL AMERICANS!

AND IN THE WOODCARVER'S SHOP...

NOW I, PETER SAZLO, WILL SHOW THE WORLD THAT I CAN OUTWIT AMERICA'S CRIME-FIGHTERS! HEE! HEE!

THE NEXT EVENING, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES ARE WALKING IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANY NEWS, BUCKY!

BUCKY, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

NOTICE TO THOSE INTERESTED IN CRIME! I WILL PROVE THE STUPIDITY OF ALL AMERICANS BY GIVING YOU A CLUE BEFORE THE CRIME! YOUR FIRST CLUE "MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE" SIGNED THE STATUE OF DEATH"

A QUICK CHANGE IN A DESERTED ALLEY, AND...

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!

AND THAT MEANS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

I DON'T GET IT! "MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE"...WHAT KIND OF A CLUE IS THAT?

IT'S FROM SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY "KING RICHARD III"... AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT WILL LEAD US TO THE EXACT SCENE OF THE CRIME!

MAYBE I'M DUMB, BUT...

A BLACKSMITH SHOES HORSES, BUCKY! AND THERE'S A BLACKSMITH SHOP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING ON THE DOUBLE!

SOON...

HERE'S THE SHOP!

BUCKY! LOOK INSIDE!

JUMPIN' CATFISH! IT'S THE BLACK-SMITH... KILLED WITH HIS OWN HAMMER!

WE'RE UP AGAINST A VICIOUS MURDERER, BUCKY!

CAP, I THINK I'VE FOUND OUR NEXT CLUE! THERE'S SOMETHING CARVED HERE IN THE WOODWORK!

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"... YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCKY! THE STATUE OF DEATH WILL STRIKE AGAIN!

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

THAT'S ANOTHER LINE FROM SHAKESPEARE, ISN'T IT? FROM HAMLET?

RIGHT! "THE PLAY'S THE THING"! THAT MUST MEAN THAT THE NEXT MURDER WILL TAKE PLACE IN A THEATER!

THERE'S A MAGICIAN PLAYING AT THE BIJOU! THAT'S THE ONLY STAGE SHOW IN TOWN! HE'LL BE THE NEXT VICTIM IF THE STATUE OF DEATH BEATS US TO IT!

WOW! LET'S GET GOING!

SORRY, WE HAVE TO CRASH THE GATE!

OOOH!

BIJOU

BUCKY... THAT BOX NEAR THE STAGE...

YAHOO! A PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE STATUE OF DEATH!

NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW! I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE BY KILLING YOU, AS HAMLET KILLED, WITH MY SWORD!

WHA-?

AS SHAKESPEARE WOULD SAY, YOUR LAST SPEECH WAS A COMEDY OF ERRORS!

UGH!

WOW!

WHIZZ!

PARDON ME IF I SMEARED YOUR MAKE-UP!

IN DESPERATION, THE CRAZED KILLER LEAPS TO GRASP THE TASSLED ROPE OF THE BOX ABOVE, AND....

BAH! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?

FAREWELL, MY FOOLISH FRIEND!

NO ONE CAN CAPTURE THE STATUE OF DEATH! I WILL SUCCEED IN MY REVENGE!

OOF!

HE GOT AWAY, BUT AT LEAST HE PREVENTED A MURDER!

LOOK AT THIS, BUCKY! HE MUST HAVE CARVED THE NEXT CLUE HERE ON THE RAILING!

IT'S A QUOTATION FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," BUCKY! HMMMM... IF I COULD FIGURE OUT THE CONNECTION!

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED."

HOLY COW! THERE'S A STORE NEAR HERE CALLED MERCY'S QUALITY SHOP!

THAT'S IT! THE STATUE OF DEATH MUST BE HEADING THERE NOW... IF ONLY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

THERE'S THE SHOP....

...AND THE KILLER SNEAKING IN THE BACK WAY!

YOU WILL FIND THAT I TOO CAN DISH IT OUT, CAPTAIN AMERICA! HEH-HEH!

HERE'S TURNING THE TABLES ON YOU!

THAT PAIR WILL FOIL ALL MY PLANS UNLESS I CAN TRAP THEM SOON!

OH OH! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!

BAH! NO AMERICANS CAN GET THE BEST OF ME! UGH!

IF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FOLLOW THIS TRAIL, THEY WILL DIE! THEN I CAN PROCEED WITH MY PLANS!

QUICK, BUCKY, WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY THIS TIME!

HE CAN'T HAVE GONE VERY FAR!

BUT WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

HE MUST HAVE DROPPED THIS PIECE OF PAPER!

IT'S A PAGE FROM SHAKESPEARE!

AND HERE'S ANOTHER! AND MORE OVER THERE! A TRAIL OF THEM!

CAP AND BUCKY FOLLOW THE PAPER TRAIL TO THE BACKYARD OF PETER SAZLO'S WOODCARVING SHOP!

THERE HE IS!

WE'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!

WHA...? WE'RE FALLING!

HOLY CAT'S! IT'S NOTHING BUT A WOODEN STATUE!

THE KILLER MUST HAVE PLACED IT THERE AT THE EDGE OF THE WELL...TO TRICK US INTO DOING EXACTLY WHAT WE DID!

THE MAD WOODCARVER MAKES A SUDDEN APPEARANCE...

IT IS THE ORIGINAL STATUE OF DEATH, MY GREATEST CARVING! AND IT MEANS DEATH FOR YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY! THERE IS A TIME BOMB IN THE STATUE! IN ONE MINUTE YOU DIE!

A TIME-BOMB! AND ONLY SIXTY SECONDS TO GET OUT OF HERE!

I HAVE AN IDEA, BUCKY..... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST...

TICK! TICK!

CAP, I CAN'T LEAVE YOU DOWN THERE ALONE!

NEVER MIND ABOUT ME! GRAB THE EDGE OF THAT LEDGE... FROM THERE YOU CAN GET OUT.... BUT BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

BUCKY JUMPS... AND MISSES!

ULP!

ALL I GOT WAS THE BUCKET! I GUESS WE'RE DONE FOR, CAP!

BUCKY, YOU'RE A GENIUS, EVEN IF BY MISTAKE! WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE BY CLIMBING UP THE ROPE!

WITH ONLY A FEW SECONDS LEFT, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY RACE AGAINST DOOM!

SPEED IT UP, KID! TIME-BOMBS WAIT FOR NO ONE!

AND JUST IN TIME!

BOOM

HEH HEH! NOW WITH THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA DEAD, I CAN GET MY REVENGE IN FULL!

HELP!

WE'VE COME BACK TO HAUNT YOU!

THIS IS CURTAINS FOR YOUR DEATH DRAMA!

LATER:

THAT ENDS THE CAREER OF THE MAD WOODCARVER. THANKS TO YOU, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THANK YOU, COMMISSIONER! SHAKESPEARE MUST HAVE HAD A FITTING LINE FOR ALL THIS!

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"! HOW ABOUT THAT ONE, CAP?

PERFECT, BUCKY!

The End

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

"DEAD MAN TALKS"

THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF DETECTIVE MICHAEL TRAPP...

GET YOUR HAT AND COAT, PEPPER! "BIG CHIPS" MALONE, OUR TOWN'S FOREMOST GAMBLER, HAS JUST BEEN **BUMPED OFF** IN HIS APARTMENT!

AT "BIG CHIPS" APARTMENT...

SURE I DID IT, COPPER! IT WAS **HIM** OR **ME**! LOUIE HERE CAN VERIFY THAT!

YEAH, DAT'S RIGHT — WE WERE ALL ENGAGED IN A POKER GAME. WHEN SUDDENLY, "BIG CHIPS" DRAWS A GUN AND ACCUSES CARLOS OF **CHEATIN'**!

HE FIRES — LUCKY FOR ME HE'S A BUM SHOT — WELL, NATURALLY I DRAW MY GUN AND LET HIM HAVE IT! I CALLED YOU IMMEDIATELY! YOU KNOW THE REST!

MIKE EXAMINES "BIG CHIPS'" BODY...

THE GUN IS STILL IN HIS HAND! **VERY INTERESTING!**

BOYS, THAT STORY **WON'T DO!** WE'RE GOING DOWNTOWN AND I'M BOOKING ALL OF YOU ON A CHARGE OF **DELIBERATE MURDER!**

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AFTER HOURS OF GRILLING...

OKAY, **YOU WIN!** "BIG CHIPS" TOOK ME FOR 10 GRAND IN A DICE GAME LAST WEEK! I DISCOVERED THE DICE WERE LOADED — I ASKED FOR MY MONEY — BUT "CHIPS" WOULDN'T GIVE! I ARRANGED THE POKER GAME BUT- **WHERE** DID I SLIP UP, COPPER?

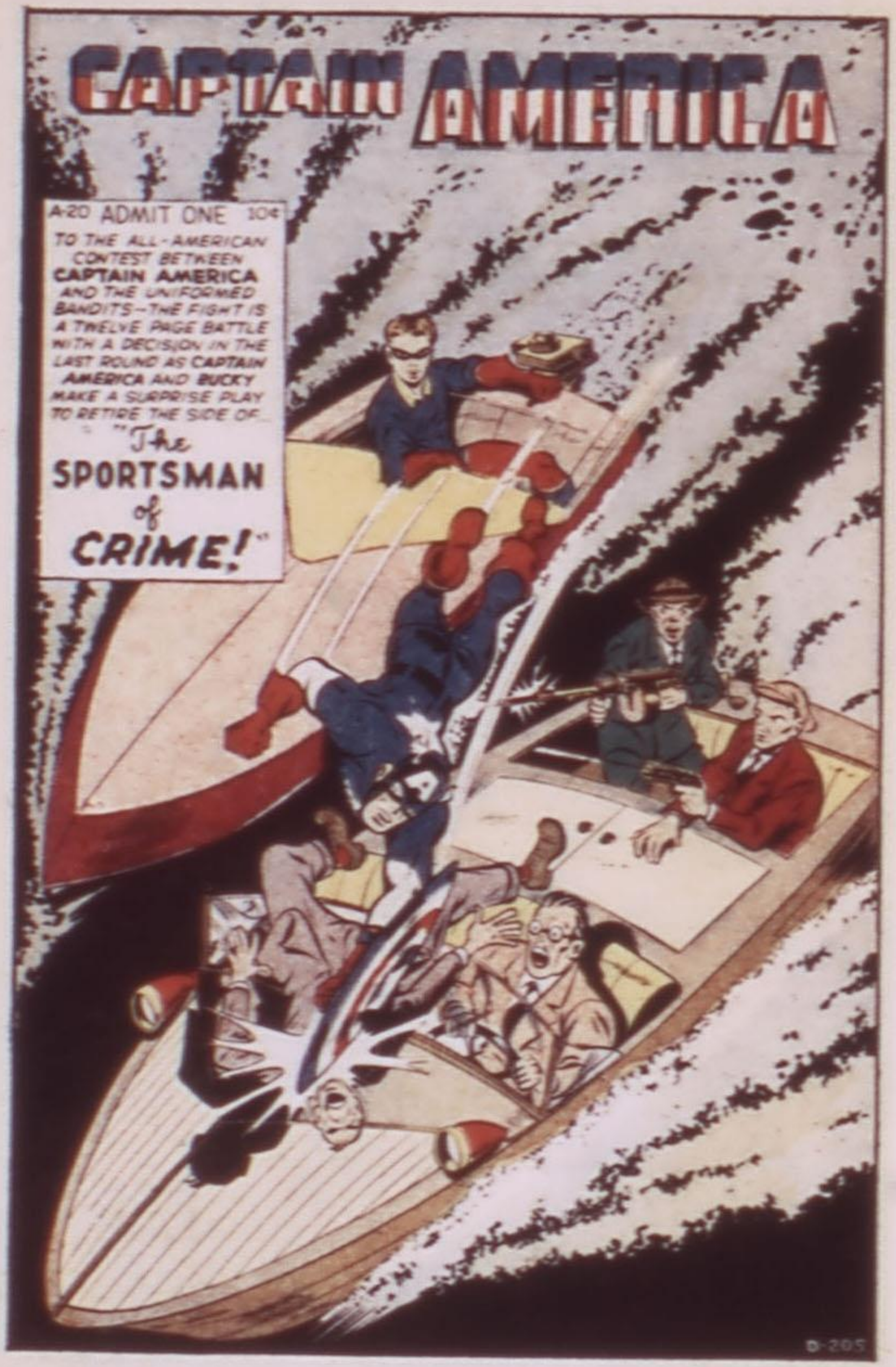
THE FACT THAT "BIG CHIPS" WORE HIS HOLSTER ON HIS **RIGHT SHOULDER** INDICATED THAT HE WOULD SHOOT WITH HIS **LEFT HAND!** BUT NOT KNOWING "BIG CHIPS" VERY LONG, YOU PLACED HIS GUN IN HIS **RIGHT HAND, AFTER YOU SHOT HIM!**

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

A-20 ADMIT ONE 10¢

TO THE ALL-AMERICAN CONTEST BETWEEN **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND THE UNIFORMED BANDITS—THE FIGHT IS A TWELVE PAGE BATTLE WITH A DECISION IN THE LAST ROUND AS **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY** MAKE A SURPRISE PLAY TO RETIRE THE SIDE OF "The **SPORTSMAN** of **CRIME!**"



D-205

IN A LOCAL PRISON.....

TODAY'S THE BIG DAY, EH, PEARLY?

GOT ANY PLANS?

YEAH! I'M GONNA SEE A PAL FIRST, THEN I'M GOIN' INTO BUSINESS!

LATER...

JIM GATES, YOU WERE A GAMBLER WHO FIXED SPORTING EVENTS! BUT EVENTUALLY YOU SLIPPED UP! REMEMBER THAT!

I DON'T NEED A MEMORY COURSE, WARDEN... YOU WON'T SEE ME BACK HERE AGAIN! I'M SMARTER NOW!

YOU GUYS ARE WASHED UP IN THE RACKETS TOO, SO WHY NOT LINE UP WITH ME? SURE THE HEAT WILL BE ON US, BUT AFTER A FEW JOBS WE'LL BE COVERED WITH DOUGH!

EXACTLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER....

OKAY, PEARLY, WE'RE LISTENING!

SPORTS ARE MY RACKET, BUT I CAN'T GO NEAR AN ARENA WITHOUT COPPER'S EYEING ME! I'M GONNA SCRAM TO SOUTH AMERICA... BUT FIRST I'M GONNA GET DOUGH... BIG DOUGH!

WHAT KIND O' JOBS YOU BEEN DREAMIN' UP?

WE'RE GOIN' IN FOR SPORTS! I'M GONNA SHOW YOU GUYS HOW TO MAKE A BIG SCORE EVERY TIME WE MAKE A PLAY!

SO FAR SO GOOD! I'M PLAYING FOR BIG STAKES, BUT IF I WIN... WINNER TAKES ALL!

NEXT DAY—A FASHIONABLE CROWD AWAITS EXPECTANTLY THE START OF A POLO MATCH!

HERE COME THE RED-CAPS!

WHAT'S HOLDING UP THE BLUES?

ALSO WATCHING ARE STEVE ROGERS AND HIS YOUNG SIDEKICK, BUCKY.....

A LITTLE EXCITED, KID?

SORTA! THIS IS THE FIRST POLO GAME I'VE EVER SEEN.... LOOK, HERE COME THE BLUES!

SUDDENLY!

YOU'RE NOT HOTCH-KISS OF THE BLUES! UGH!

NAW! I'M PEARLY OF THE GATES!

WE'RE COLLECTIN' ADMISSION AGAIN FOLKS, SO BE QUIET OR YOU'LL BE COLLECTIN' PUNCHED TICKETS!

OOOH... DEAR ME!

BUT IN A CORNER OF THE STANDS, STEVE AND BUCKY PREPARE FOR ACTION!

HURRY, BUCKY! LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR US!

RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP!

AFTER WE GET FINISHED, YOU'LL BE BLACK AND BLUES!

LITTLE BOY BLUE, HOW'S YOUR HORN?

AS THE BANDITS MAKE A MAD DASH FOR FREEDOM, CAP AND BUCKY LEAD TO THE RED-CAP PONIES AND THE CHASE IS ON.....

AFTER 'EM, KID!

PLUG 'EM!

BUT CAP AND BUCKY, ANTICIPATING GUNFIRE, ARE RIDING OFF-SADDLE, INDIAN STYLE!

HOW LONG DOES THIS GO ON?

NOT FOR LONG! WATCH!

SCORE FOR OUR SIDE!

YEOW!

OH-OH, BUCKY, WATCH THAT CROSS-BAR!

YAHOO! I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE THIS GAME!

BUCKY'S MALLET PICKS HIM RIGHT OFF HIS SADDLE, WHILE CAP, UNABLE TO REIN BACK IN TIME, RIDES RIGHT INTO HIM!

OOPS!

OOF!

HI-YA, CAP! HEH-HEH...

HMMMM!

YOU'RE NOT SORE AT ME, ARE YOU, CAP?

NOOOO..... I'M NOT MAAAAD...

LATER... THE POLICE ARRIVE.....

THEN THESE FOUR MEN STOLE OUR UNIFORMS AND TIED US UP!

IMPERSONATING ATHLETES IS A NEW TWIST!

I'LL HAVE A DRAGNET PUT OUT! PEARLY WON'T TWIST THROUGH!

A GENERAL ALARM IS SENT OUT.....

CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR JIM "PEARLY" GATES... HEIGHT 5 FEET 9 INCHES... WEIGHT 155 POUNDS!

BUT THE GANG LEADER AVOIDS THE NET, AND THE MASQUERADING "ATHLETES" SCORE A HOME RUN AT THE BASEBALL BOX OFFICE!

JUST ONE YELL AND I'LL STRIKE YOU OUT..... PERMANENTLY!

THE NEXT DAY, PEARLY "WINS" A $50,000 GOLF PURSE.....

BE QUIET OR I'LL MAKE A HOLE-IN-ONE... AND YOU KNOW THE ONE GUY I MEAN!

MR. FENTON, BEFORE PEARLY WENT TO JAIL, YOU WERE FRIENDS, WEREN'T YOU?

FRIENDS? WE'RE SUCH GOOD PALS, HE HI-JACKED THE $50,000 PURSE FROM THAT GOLF MATCH I MANAGED!

THAT NIGHT... THE MONROE OVAL ARENA!

WHAT ARE THEY DOING, CAP?

THEY HOSE THE FLOOR TO KEEP THE FLOOR SLICK! IRON PIPES JUST BELOW THE SURFACE CIRCULATE AMMONIA THAT DOES THE ACTUAL FREEZING!

CAP AND BUCKY JOIN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER IN LISTENING TO A COMMITTEE REPRESENTING SPORTS PROMOTERS...

MR. FENTON AND I DEMAND SWIFT ACTION!

IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO PROMOTE A GAME OF CHECKERS!

LATER... BUCKY WAITS AT HOME FOR CAP'S RETURN...

DID JA CHECK ON ALL SPORTS EVENTS, CAP?

YES, BUCKY, THE VERY RICH VANDERVINES HAVE RESERVED A WHOLE BOX AT THE HOCKEY GAME TONIGHT! THAT SHOULD TEMPT PEARLY!

SUDDENLY FOUR MEN IN HOCKEY GARB SKATE ONTO THE RINK! SMALL PELLETS CONTAINING T.N.T. ARE FLUNG ON THE ICE, AND....

CHOKING AMMONIA GAS POURS FROM THE SMASHED PIPING! WHILE THE AUDIENCE IS HALF BLINDED BY THE POWERFUL FUMES, THE UNIFORMED BANDITS DON GAS MASKS...

THERE'S THE VANDERVINE CROWD! COME ON!

BUT IN THE CONFUSION, STEVE AND BUCKY SNITCH GARB AND SWIFTLY DON THE CLAMP-ON SKATES FROM THE REFEREE'S DUGOUT!

LET'S PUT 'EM ON ICE, BUCKY!

YA LITTLE...! THIS'LL STOP YA!

SORRY, CHUM... I'M IN A HURRY!

CAP! THAT GUY'S PLAYING OFFSIDE!

I'LL BRING HIM BACK INTO THE GAME AGAIN!

AP'S SKATES ARE FLASHES OF SILVER AS HE ROCKETS DOWN THE RINK.... THEN, A DAZZLING VAULT OVER THE GOAL....

A PERFECT BODYCHECK!

UGH!

HA! RIGHT ACROSS THE PLATE!

MEANTIME... UNNOTICED, A HAND REACHES FOR A HOCKEY DISK ON THE ICE!

THE BANDITS HAVE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE...

HOW'S YOUR HEAD, CAP?

OUTSIDE OF A COUPLE OF LITTLE GREMLINS DOING A TAP DANCE ON MY BRAIN, IT SEEMS OKAY!

LATER... HOME AGAIN...

WHAT'S FURROWING YOUR BROW, CAP?

I'M WONDERING WHY PEARLY GATES LETS THE POLICE KNOW HE'S BEHIND THESE JOBS! WHY DOESN'T HE WEAR A DISGUISE?

PEARLY IS SUPPOSED TO BE HALF-BLIND WITHOUT HIS GLASSES ON... YET, **WITHOUT** HIS GLASSES, HE HURLED A DISK CLEAR ACROSS THE RINK TO SLAM INTO MY HEAD! YOU NEED EAGLE-EYES FOR THAT!

LATER... FENTON'S PRIVATE HOME...

WHY FENTON? WHY NOT MARTINI?

BECAUSE FENTON AND PEARLY WERE ONCE PALS! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT..... SAY, I HEARD SOMETHING FROM THE CELLAR!

CAPTAIN AMERICA! I **HAVEN'T** BEEN PULLING THOSE SPORT ROBBERIES! **FENTON'S THE GUY!**

THEN MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! BETTER START FROM THE BEGINNING, PEARLY!

WHERE TO, CAP?

HOW'S ABOUT US PAYING A VISIT TO FENTON'S PLACE?

FOUND IN THE CELLAR, CAP AND BUCKY STARE WITH SURPRISE AT THE BOUND AND GAGGED FIGURE OF.....

PEARLY GATES!

PEARLY'S STORY... "BEFORE ENTERING THE 'PEN' I GAVE FENTON $100,000 TO HOLD FOR ME! HE WAS MY PAL—I THOUGHT! SO WHEN I CAME OUT, I WENT TO SEE HIM...."

HAND OVER MY DOUGH!

YOUR DOUGH! HA HA! I INVESTED THAT DOUGH IN MY BUSINESS LONG AGO!

"HE TIED ME UP AND PUT A TOUPÉ ON HIS HEAD..."

I'VE GOT PLANS, PEARLY! I'M GOING TO PULL SOME BIG JOBS, AND EVERYBODY WILL THINK **YOU'RE** THE GUILTY ONE!

"HE USED NOSE PLUGS TO WIDEN HIS NOSTRILS, SLIPPED A SET OF FALSE UPPERS OVER HIS OWN TEETH....."

NOW I CAN STEAL FROM MY COMPETITORS... FORCE THEM OUT OF BUSINESS! I'LL EVEN STEAL $50,000 FROM MYSELF, BUT THE INSURANCE COMPANY WILL COVER MY "LOSS"! HA HA!

AND WHEN THINGS GET TOO HOT, I'LL PUT YOU IN A CAR AND SEND IT OVER A CLIFF... AND "PEARLY GATES" WANTED BY THE POLICE, WILL HAVE DIED AN "ACCIDENTAL" DEATH! CASE CLOSED! HA HA!

YOU GOTTA GET THAT HEEL! HE JUST BOASTED HE WAS GONNA ROB THE GATE RECEIPTS AT THE OUTBOARD MOTOR STEEPLECHASE!

THAT'S DUE TO BEGIN IN A HALF-HOUR! LET'S GO, BUCKY!

ONE HALF-HOUR LATER...

I'LL TAKE THAT CASHBOX! DON'T BOTHER YELLING FOR HELP.... ALL THE DRIVERS ARE TIED UP IN THE LOCKER ROOM!

HEY! HOW COME THERE ARE ONLY FOUR BOATS IN THE RACE?

RUNNING TO THE STARTER'S PIER THE BANDITS COMMANDEER BOATS AND HEAD FOR OPEN WATER...

HAS THE RACE STARTED?

SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND SOME BRUSH, HURTLE TWO OF THE NEWEST AQUATIC VEHICLES... MOTOR DRIVEN SURFBOARDS!

LOOK OUT! YOW!

ONE DOWN! THREE TO GO!

SKIMMING OVER THE SURFACE LIKE A FLAT STONE, BUCKY SHOOTS OVER THE JUMP HAZARD AND TAKES OFF!

THEY'RE GETTING COLD FEET! ONLY WAY TO GET THEM IS A SHORT-CUT WITH THAT JUMP PLATFORM!

OOOH! WHY DO I DO THESE THINGS?

At THE SAME MOMENT, ALLOWING HIS BOARD TO HIT SHORE AT OPEN THROTTLE, CAP FLIES FORWARD IN HIS MOMENTUM!

STICK AROUND, MISTER! THE MAIN EVENT IS JUST COMING UP!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU SHARPIES...ONE PUNCH AND YOU FALL APART!

OWW!

FENTON'S ALL SET FOR ANOTHER UNIFORM, EH, CAP?

YEP... PRISON STRIPES! SAY, YOU NEVER CAN TELL... THEY MIGHT ALLOW HIM TO PLAY ON THE PRISON FOOTBALL TEAM!

STEVE...

WELL, PEARLY, ARE YOU GOING TO TRY TO BEAT THE LAW AGAIN?

I'M GOIN' STRAIGHT! IF FENTON'S SCHEME DIDN'T FOOL YA...WHO AM I TO TRY?

The End

MELODY FOR MURDER

THE two detectives grinned and winked at each other, as Chic Rand walked in the front door of police headquarters. Young Rand was regarded as a novelty among the hard-boiled detectives. He was the only one of them all who loved the opera, and most of his spare moments were spent at the opera house. Chic was given the nickname of "maestro," and it stuck to him.

So now, as young Rand approached, Tim Ryan smiled at him and jabbed him in the ribs with his thumb.

"Well, maestro, what opera did you see last night?"

Chic became enthusiastic at once. It was his favorite topic of conversation.

"I saw *La Traviata*, and it was grand. Say, you should've heard that tenor sing, and the scenery was perfect, and—"

"Whoa, hold on, kid," Ryan interrupted him. "I didn't ask for a whole report."

... And then, one night, Chic attended a performance of *Carmen* at the opera house. He was seated in a box seat. The overture was over, and the curtains parted. Chic leaned forward, and his eyes darted from one actor to another, as the songs were taken up by the various singers.

But, observing the facial expressions of the principal actor, Enrico Mardi, Chic suddenly seemed to notice a tenseness in his features. Was it only his imagination, he wondered? But Mardi sang in strained tones, his lips quivering, his eyes furtive. Was he afraid of something?

As Chic watched him, he became more and more fascinated by Mardi's odd behavior. The orchestra was playing a particular passage which Chic knew well, and as the strains of the music became more agitated and the kettledrums beat out their rhythm, Mardi's own agitation was evident. His quivering voice hit a high note ...

And then it happened! The sharp report of a gun rang out throughout the hall, clear and certain in spite of the blaring music.

Mardi never completed that high note—he crumpled to the floor of the stage, lifeless!

The audience was in an uproar ... the orchestra stopped abruptly. The singers screamed and rushed from the stage, leaving the inert body of Enrico Mardi to hold the spotlight alone!

Chic raced down the stairs behind the box seats and rushed on to the stage. He kneeled before the body ... a single red wound spotted the head of the tenor. His murderer had been an expert marksman!

The young detective was soon joined by the stage-hands and the excited director of the opera house, as well as the orchestra conductor. Chic made his identity known at once.

"I'm a detective, and I want no one to leave this building ... all doors are to be locked at once ... the police must be notified right away. I'm taking complete charge here!"

His orders were carried out immediately. Some of the spectators had fled from the opera house in panic, but most of them were still present, stunned and yet curious to see what would happen next.

A police squad soon appeared, accompanied by Tim Ryan, who had been assigned to the case at headquarters. He was surprised at first to see young Rand on the scene so quickly, and then he realized the reason.

"Ah, yes, maestro ... spending another evening at the opera, eh? Well, I'm glad to see you have everything under control. Stick around. Maybe you can help me."

Chic told Ryan of everything that had occurred.

"Mardi seemed nervous all through the performance, right up to the moment he was shot. He was afraid of something ... or someone!"

Ryan scratched his head as he gazed out at

the audience, seated restlessly in their places.

"What a job it'll be to question all these jokers! Any one of 'em could've shot Mardi!"

But Chic replied at once: "No, Tim . . . if you'll notice the wound more closely, you'll see that the shot *must* have come from very near the stage . . . the powder burns show that!"

A brief examination by Ryan corroborated Chic's statement.

"That just leaves the other actors who were on the stage at the time of the killing, under suspicion," the veteran detective remarked.

But Chic also disproved this observation.

"Wrong again, Tim! I was watching Mardi closely, and when that shot was fired, he was in front of everyone else and facing to the right of the stage. The bullet entered the right side of his temple. The shot *had* to come *from* the orchestra section, *toward* the stage!"

Ryan's face turned red. "Listen, maestro, since you saw so much, suppose *you* take over the investigation, and *I'll* assist *you*."

Ryan meant it as a sarcastic joke, and Chic knew it. But he decided to take the older man at his word anyway.

"Okay, Tim, and thanks! Now just watch me do my stuff."

The younger detective gave orders quickly and explicitly. The orchestra was told to return to its place in the pit. Then Chic ordered the conductor to lead the players in the same passage from the score which Mardi had been singing when he was shot. Ryan looked at Chic, muttering to himself about "crazy young kids who think they can handle a murder case with music!"

The conductor raised his baton, and the musicians began to play the melody which had accompanied the murder of the opera singer. Gradually, the music became more agitated, louder, as the instruments played notes higher and higher. Chic's eyes were now darting swiftly from one musician to another. And as the music reached that certain high, death-dealing note, Chic leaped from the stage and pounced on a short, burly musician who held a flute in his hands. The pair toppled over a chair and music-stand. Chic came up smiling, grasping the angered musician and twisting his arm until the flute fell to the floor.

"Here's our man, Tim! Take a good look at that flute!"

Ryan was quick to obey. He gasped in astonishment. The pipe was not a "flute" at all, but a cleverly designed pistol, fashioned like a flute, but complete with trigger, barrel, and half-loaded cartridge chamber! The musician admitted his guilt at once, overwhelmed by his sudden exposure as the murderer. The reason he gave for his crime was simple enough: Mardi had caught him in the act of stealing a large sum of money from his dressing-room, and had threatened to expose him. Rather than face the disgrace of prison, he had devised this ingenious method of disposing of his would-be accuser!

. . The murderer was led away by the police. Tim Ryan and Chic rode in a squad car to headquarters, to make their report. The cause of the murder was of secondary importance in Ryan's mind. What he wanted to know was how Chic had spotted the killer.

"Give out, maestro . . . how did you figure it out?"

"Simple." Chic replied with a smile. "I just happen to know that passage of music from *Carmen* perfectly, especially the orchestration. I know exactly what instruments carry what notes. So, when the orchestra played that certain melody the second time, I made sure every instrument was playing its part. But, when they reached that high note where the flute is supposed to play a prominent part, I noticed this guy *put his flute down*, and pull *another* one out of his pocket. But he *didn't* play that high note with this other "flute!" He was just getting ready to aim that thing at *me* and pull the trigger! He *knew* I was close to the truth, and he got panicky. That's all there was to it!"

Ryan glanced at Chic in admiration.

"I gotta hand it to you, kid . . . if you didn't know your music so well, we would never have caught wise to that guy! Say, maybe this opera business isn't the bunk after all! Er . . . would you . . . er . . . take me along with you next time?"

Chic slapped his companion on the back and laughed.

"You bet I will, Tim . . . and won't the boys at headquarters be surprised when they find out you've become a 'patron of the opera'"

THE END

THE
HUMAN TORCH
A FORMULA FOR DEATH CONTRIVED BY A CUNNING MIND TRANSFORMS HUMANS INTO WAX! IN PERILOUS PURSUIT OF THE DIABOLICAL EVIL-MAKER, THAT MIGHTY HUMAN FIRE-BRAND TORCH HIMSELF FALLS VICTIM TO THIS INHUMAN PLOT-LEAVING GALLANT TORO TO PLAY A YOUTHFUL LONE HAND AGAINST THE WAX DOCTOR!"

THREE ARTISTS MEET IN A GOTHAM CAFE...

A TOAST...TO IMMORTAL ART...IT'S A GRAND IDEA OF YOURS, JIM, THAT WE MEET HERE ANNUALLY FOR DINNER

WHY NOT? WE'RE FRIENDS AS WELL AS ARTISTS. CAME FROM THE SAME HOME-TOWN

WHAT ABOUT ANTHONY LANE? I THOUGHT HE WOULD BE HERE, TOO!

HE'S STILL AWAY. ALLEN LEFT THE CITY 6 MONTHS AGO. HE CERTAINLY WAS IN A TERRIBLE MENTAL STATE!

TOO BAD...A BRILLIANT DOCTOR WHO HAD GIVEN UP MEDICINE TO BECOME A BAD PENNILESS ARTIST.

THAT IN ITSELF IS MADNESS!

SCIENCE LOST A GREAT MIND WHEN ANTHONY DECIDED TO PAINT. GENIUS WASTED BY A SPLIT PERSONALITY

LETTER FOR MISS ELENA KING.

I'M MISS KING

THE WOMAN RIPS OPEN THE ENVELOPE...AND READS ASHAST!

GOOD HEAVENS! LISTEN! "ELENA, YOU'VE ALWAYS DERIDED MY ART, SAID I SHOULD GO BACK TO MEDICINE. I HAVE...AND DISCOVERED A SERUM TO TURN HUMAN BEINGS INTO WAX. I'M GOING TO USE IT ON YOU UNLESS YOU PAY ME $10,000 BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT"...

LEAVE THE MONEY AT THE REAR GATE OF THE OLD DALE CEMETERY. COME ALONE". SIGNED ANTHONY LANE. HE'S JUST TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME

WHAT IF IT'S MORE THAN A JOKE! MAYBE I'D BETTER CALL TORCH. I KNOW HIM.

NO! IT CAN'T BE THAT SERIOUS! LET'S HAVE ANOTHER DRINK!

MIDNIGHT SLIPS BY...AND THE TRIO DISPERSES UNWORRIEDLY...AND THEN...IN ELENA'S HOME...

I'LL HAVE A NIGHTCAP ...OH, WHO'S THERE?

NEXT MORNING, AN EXCITED MAN DASHES INTO JIM'S APARTMENT!

JIM! I JUST HAD A MESSAGE FROM ANTHONY! HE ASKS ME TO LEAVE $10,000 IN THE CEMETERY BY NOON—OR HE'LL TURN ME INTO WAX!

SO HE'S STILL PURSUING HIS SAG. LET'S GO TO ELENA'S AND SEE IF SHE HEARD ANYMORE FROM HIM!

NO ONE ANSWERS. "THAT'S FUNNY. ELENA'S ALWAYS HOME AT THIS TIME, WORKING.

HEY! THE DOOR'S OPEN. WE'LL GO IN

A MOMENT LATER, THE TWO MEN STARE IN STARK HORROR AT A COLD SILENT FIGURE!

ELENA! ELENA!

GOOD LORD! SHE'S TURNED TO WAX!

NOT LONG AFTER, A FAMILIAR FAMED DUO BLAZES OUT OF THEIR APARTMENT!

"YOU SAY A WOMAN TURNED TO WAX?

"THAT'S WHAT ALLEN WARTE SAID WHEN HE PHONED! WE'RE MEETING HIM AT HEADQUARTERS!

AT HEADQUARTERS, TORCH AND TORO HEAR THE STRANGE STORY....

MY MEN HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TRACE THAT LUNATIC, ANTHONY LANE. RETURN ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE WAS FALSE...BUT HIS DESCRIPTION'S RADIOED EVERYWHERE.

I RECEIVED A THREAT NOTE TOO, AND PAID THE MONEY. I WANT TO LIVE!

SERGEANT!

JIM! YOU, TOO?

YES. THIS LETTER CAME TEN MINUTES AGO. HE WANTS ME TO LEAVE $10,000 AT 9 TONIGHT AT THE CEMETERY. I KNOW HE MEANS IT. BUT I WON'T PAY!

IT TOOK ME ALL MY LIFE TO SAVE $40,000. THAT MONEY'S FOR MY KID BROTHER. IT MEANS HIS EDUCATION, HIS ENTIRE FUTURE. I'VE LIVED, AND NOW MY KID BROTHER MUST HAVE THE CHANCE.

I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE, BUT YOU **ARE** GOING TO THAT CEMETERY!

YOU'LL PUT DOWN $40,000 WHICH WE'LL SUPPLY YOU IN PHONY MONEY. WHEN THAT FIEND, THE WAX DOCTOR, PICKS IT UP, I'LL BE WAITING.

THAT NIGHT, IN THE SILENCE OF THE THICKLY SHROUDED CEMETERY...

AS JIM QUICKLY LEAVES THE SINISTER SITE, A CAR GLIDES UP THE ROAD, AND WHILE IT MOVES...

SO FAR, ALL'S CLEAR...

BUT AS THE MONEY IS SECURE IN THE SPEEDING CAR, A HUMAN COMET ROCKETS FROM BEHIND THE GATE!

END OF THE LINE, OR WALK!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

IS IT? THIS VAPO-CLOUD WILL TAKE ALL THE FLAME OUT OF YOU... AND THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! ONE INJECTION OF MY SERUM...

REMINDS FROM A DISTANCE. A DARING FIGURE PITCHES PRONE.

TORCH SAID I'M TO STAND BY AND... HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S THAT?

I'D BETTER GET THERE... AND FAST!

BUT WHILE THE FLAME-BOY RACES TO THE MYSTERY SCENE, THE CLOUD AS SWIFTLY VANISHES!

IT'S TORCH! THAT SMOKE-SCREEN GAVE THE CAR A CHANCE TO GET AWAY! TORCH! HE'S LYING SO STILL! TORCH!

...WITH A SPINE-SHUDDERING REALIZATION...

WAX! HE'S BEEN COMPLETELY TURNED TO WAX! (GULP) POOR TORCH! (GULP) THIS... THIS IS TERRIBLE!

I'VE GOT TO REVENGE HIS DEATH! THAT'S THE WAY HE'D WANT IT! I'VE GOT TO CATCH UP WITH THAT FIEND ANTHONY LANE! I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO... BUT I KNOW I MUST!

TIME TICKS BY... AND WE, READERS, MOVE ON INTO THE INKY NIGHT TO A BLEAK-LOOKING HOUSE ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS....

IT'S MIDNIGHT. TORCH SHOULD BE COMING TO BY NOW.

HE'S STIRRIN'!

TORCH ALIVE... CAN THAT BE?

HOW DO YOU FEEL, TORCH? HA HA! NO, YOU CAN'T BREAK OUT OF YOUR CHAINS, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T FLAME. THE VAPO-GAS STILL HAS ITS EFFECT! AND WHAT AN EFFECT! YOUR DEATH MUST BE WEIGHING ON YOUR FRIENDS! YOU SEE, I LEFT A WAX MODEL OF YOU AT THE CEMETERY!

YOU HAVE WAX LIFE-LIKE MODELS OF YOUR INTENDED VICTIMS, KIDNAP THEM, AND LEAVE THE WAX FIGURES IN THEIR PLACE!

EXACTLY! SINCE I FIGURED YOU MIGHT INTERFERE, I MOLDED YOU IN WAX TOO. BUT NOW I'M REALLY GOING TO MAKE A WAX FIGURE OF YOU!

THAT CAULDRON'S MAKING WAX. AS SOON AS THE BOILING WAX IS READY THE CAULDRON WILL AUTOMATICALLY TIP THE STUFF OVER ON YOU! FAREWELL, TORCH! WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO SEE THAT POOL JIM. MARGRAVE WE'LL PAY UP THIS TIME, OR ELSE!

TORCH IS ALONE AS SILENT SECONDS PASS... THEN...

NNNNNN, NO USE. THESE CHAINS WON'T BREAK... AND I CAN'T FLAME... IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMETHING I COULD...

TORCH!

GOSH! IT'S GABBY! YOU'RE ALIVE!

TORCH, HOW DID YOU...? HURRY, GET ME OUT OF THESE CHAINS!

THE INTREPID LADS, PLAYING HUNCH SPEEDILY SAVE HIS FRIENDS BONDS!

GOOD LAD! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET OUT OF THAT! CAN'T FLAME YET, BUT MAYBE, AS SOON AS I GET OUTSIDE I WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU LOCATED THIS PLACE!

SOON, SOON COMPANIONS STREAK AWAY FROM THE HOUSE OF DEATH!

THERE! I'M OKAY! THE VAPO-GAS WORE OFF ENOUGH FOR THE AIR TO RESTORE MY FLAME! WE'VE GOT TO HURRY NOW TO JIM MARGRAVE'S.

MY LEAD HAS FINDING AN EMPTY CAN OF VAPO-GAS IN THE DITCH OFF THE ROAD. WELL, THERE WAS A LABEL ON IT, AND...

I TRACED THE LABEL TO A CHEMICAL COMPANY THAT MADE THE 'VAPO-GAS.' THEY HAD A RECORD OF A LARGE PAINT AND CHEMICAL SUPPLY ORDER THEY HAD SHIPPED OUT EXPRESS MAIL TO THE SAME PARTY TO WHOM THEY SOLD THE OTHER STUFF. A 'JOHN DOE' KIND OF NAME WAS GIVEN, BUT THE ADDRESS LED ME HERE!

THAT WAS GOOD GOING! HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE NOW AT JIM'S!

SHORT MOMENTS LATER

FOOL! SO YOU'D RATHER DIE!

GO AHEAD! TURN ME INTO WAX! YOU WON'T GET MONEY!

THEY WON'T GET YOUR LIFE EITHER!

THE TORCH! I'LL... UGH!

THIS TIME I WAS WATCHING FOR YOU TO TAKE OUT THE VAPO-GAS!

AND THIS TIME YOUR MAD GAME FOR MONEY IS UP! JIM, CALL THE POLICE! THEN WE'LL UNMASK THESE TWO!

SOON AFTER, RAISED HOODS REVEAL A STARTLING SURPRISE!

ELENA KING! IT'S YOU!?

YES! I WAS DEEPLY IN DEBT! HAROLD HERE, JOE'S MY BROTHER GAVE ME THE IDEA! HE KNEW ANTHONY LANE DIED IN CUBA WEEKS AGO!

AND YOU MADE IT SEEM LIKE **HE** WAS THE PERPETRATOR OF THESE WAX DEATHS!

VERY CLEVER BUT **NOT** CLEVER ENOUGH!

THE END

DON'T MISS
CAPTAIN AMERICA
MARVEL
HUMAN TORCH
MERICA'S MOST EXCITING THRILL-PACKED MAGAZINES STARRING YOUR FAVORITE FIGHTING HEROES!
THEY'RE NEW!
THEY'RE MODERN!
THEY'RE DIFFERENT!
Don't Miss Them!
ALL WINNERS
SUB-MARINER
YOUNG ALLIES

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THIS PICTURE IS NO EXAGGERATION! FOR IN THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE, **CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TRY TO KILL EACH OTHER!** IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SAY? NOTHING COULD MAKE THIS TIME-PROVEN FRIENDSHIP BURST IN A WILD FRENZY OF VIOLENCE! YOU'RE WRONG! AND WE KNOW YOU'LL THINK DIFFERENTLY WHEN YOU YOURSELF ARE CAUGHT IN THE EERIE GRIP OF ...

"The HOUSE of HATE!"

HEADLIGHTS GLEAMING LIKE GHOSTLY EYES, A PASSENGER BUS ROARS THROUGH A WILD, TEARING RAIN-STORM...

SUDDENLY BRAKES SNARL THE BUS SLIDES TO A SKIDDING HALT....

THE BRIDGE IS DOWN! WE CAN'T GO BACK... THE HIGHWAY BEHIND US IS FLOODED! WE'RE STUCK!

WELL WE CAN'T STOP HERE ALL NIGHT! WE'D BETTER FIND A PLACE TO STAY!

INSIDE THE BUS... A HONEYMOON COUPLE...

MAYBE THIS IS AN OMEN THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE MARRIED SOMEONE ELSE I'M BROKE, AND...

IT'S MY FAULT DEAR! YOUR FATHER DISOWNED YOU BECAUSE YOU MARRIED ME... A SALESGIRL IN A DEPARTMENT STORE!

DRIVER, ISN'T THAT A HOUSE UP THERE?

YEP! SAY! YOU GOT SHARP EYES FOR AN OLD GUY!

IN MASSE THE PASSENGERS PLOW THROUGH THE RAIN TO THE OMINOUS MANSION FROWNING DOWN ON THEM FROM THE STORM-SWEPT HILL!

ALSO PRESENT ON THE BUS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY...

I'M ONLY TAKING YOU MEN TO HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING WE'VE NO **PROOF** YOU RAN THAT GAMBLING SYNDICATE BUT IF YOU TRY TO SKIP NOW, THE POLICE MIGHT THINK YOU GUILTY!

OKAY OKAY BESIDES, WE CAN'T SKIP VERY FAR IN THIS STORM!

REMINDS ME OF A MYSTERY PLAY I ONCE STARRED IN! CAPTAIN AMERICA I IMAGINE WE'RE WITHIN LEGAL RIGHTS IF WE USE THE HOUSE TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS!

NOBODY LIVES HERE! NOT A LIGHT ANYWAY... AND LOOK AT THE COBWEBS!

THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND IT IS AS IF THEY STEPPED INTO THE PAST OF A CENTURY AGO!

WHEW! SHADES OF THE GAY NINETIES!

DORIS! YOU'RE SHIVERING!

I-I FELT A SUDDEN CHILL COME OVER ME!

A GOOD ROARING FIRE WILL FIX THAT!

BUT I'M NOT COLD! IT'S THIS HOUSE... IT FRIGHTENS ME!

THE GIRL'S RIGHT! THIS PLACE IS DEPRESSING! SOMETHING ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE THAT'S UNWHOLESOME!

BUT SLEEP DOES NOT COME EASILY TO CAP AND BUCKY...

I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING BEFORE BUT THIS PLACE **DOES** GIVE A GUY THE CREEPS!

BUCKY... I'VE BEEN ASKING MYSELF A QUESTION ALL NIGHT... **WHY DOESN'T ANY-ONE LIVE IN THIS HOUSE?**

PERHAPS WE'RE ALL A LITTLE OVERWROUGHT AND TIRED! I SUGGEST WE SPLIT INTO PARTIES OF TWO AND FIND SLEEPING QUARTERS!

AND IN ANOTHER ROOM...

SO YOU'RE DEREK DEVENS, THE ACTOR! SAY, YOU'VE GOT A NICE BUILD FOR AN OLD GUY!

IN THE BUS, YOU SAID I HAD GOOD EYESIGHT FOR AN OLD GUY!... I'M **NOT** OLD! TRUE, I'M NO STARRY-EYED JUVENILE... I'M JUST **MATURE!**

NOW A DEVIL SEEMS TO CREEP INSIDE THE DRIVER'S HEAD PROMPTING HIM TO BE INSULTINGLY SARCASTIC...

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? YOU WERE MISTAKEN WHEN MY OLD MAN WAS A BABY! GET WISE TO YOURSELF POP... YOU'RE A HAS-BEEN!

UHH... YOU... YOU...!

THE NEXT INSTANT IN CAP'S BEDROOM...

NO! DON'T! ARGHHHH...

IN A SPLIT SECOND CAP PUTS ON HIS UNIFORM AND...

I KILLED HIM... HE INSULTED ME... SO I KILLED HIM!

HOLY SMOKE! THE GUY HAS GONE CRAZY!

THE MADDENED ACTOR GOES BERSERK AGAIN AND...

YES! I'M CRAZY WITH HATE! ...HATE FOR EVERYBODY! NO ONE WILL EVER LAUGH BEHIND MY BACK AGAIN!

DOWN, BUCKY!

EEOW!

EASY DOES IT, MISTER!

I'LL CLOSE THIS DOOR AND KEEP THE OTHERS OUT! WE DON'T WANT THAT GIRL TO GET HURT!

THAT SCREAM... IT CAME FROM THE ACTOR'S ROOM!

AHA! MISSED YOUR CUE, BRAT, BUT I DIDN'T!

CRACK

HEE! HEE! ACT TWO! ENTER THE HERO! HEE! HEE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA UNLEASHES A TERRIFIC RIGHT...

AGGHHHH!

CRACK!

...AND THE UNFORTUNATE ACTOR STAGGERS BACK AGAINST THE PROTRUDING SABRE BLADE!

I'M SORRY! THAT SABRE...

NOT YOUR FAULT! FUNNY ALWAYS ACTED THE HERO. NOW... MY LAST ROLE IS A VILLAIN... FOOTLIGHTS DIMMING... CURTAIN COMING DOWN.... EXIT.... VILLAIN.....

SUDDENLY THE YOUNG BRIDE BREAKS LOOSE AND...

EEEEH! I CAN'T STAND IT! I WON'T STAY HERE! I WON'T!

THE DAME'S BLOWN HER TOP!

I'LL STOP HER!

YOU'LL GET PNEUMONIA IF YOU GO OUTSIDE!

LET ME ALONE! I WON'T STAY HERE! LET ME GO!

YOU MEDDLING BRAT! LET MY WIFE ALONE! YOU'RE HURTING HER!

I WAS JUST TRYING TO... JEEPERS!

LET ME GO, CAP! HE CAN'T SHOVE ME AROUND LIKE THAT!

STOP IT! HAVE YOU ALL GONE CRAZY? TWO OF US ARE ALREADY DEAD BECAUSE THEY LOST CONTROL! GET BACK TO YOUR ROOMS AND TRY TO SLEEP!

SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER, CAP ....BUT THIS DARN HOUSE, IT MAKES ME JUMPY!

GET SOME SLEEP, BUCKY!

THE KID'S RIGHT! THIS HOUSE WITH ITS MONSTROUS, GLOOMY FURNISHINGS....THERE'S SOMETHING OMINOUS ABOUT IT ALL!

AND IN THE ROOM OF THE YOUNG COUPLE....

MARK, THIS HOUSE MAKES ME AFRAID...OF EVERYTHING, EVEN US! PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE MARRIED? YOU GAVE UP SO MUCH FOR ME!

YES...I GAVE UP LUXURY! BEFORE I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE FUTURE!

WHAT IF I PROVE A FAILURE? MY FUTURE WOULD BE POVERTY, A DINGY TENEMENT.... AND DORIS AND I WOULD GROW TO HATE EACH OTHER BECAUSE WE'D BOTH LOST OUT!

"TILL DEATH DO YOU PART"... THAT'S WHAT THE MINISTER SAID! DEATH! I'D BE FREE! DEATH!

THEN....

NO! EEEEEEEE!

THAT'S A WOMAN'S SCREAM!

COME ON!

DEATH! THAT'S THE ANSWER! DEATH!

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S TRYING TO KILL HIS OWN WIFE!

NO! MARK! EEEEE!

POW!

ALL RIGHT... THAT'S ENOUGH KILLING FOR TONIGHT!

BUT THE CRAZED MAN RECOVERS, BREAKS INTO A RUN.

I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU, CAP!

HURRY, BUCKY!

THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO DROP!

UGH!

AND A MINUTE LATER...

OH! WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

DON'T YOU REMEMBER? YOU BLEW YOUR TOP AND TRIED TO CHOKE YOUR WIFE ... I HAD TO CLOUT YOU HARD TO BRING YOU TO YOUR SENSES!

DORIS! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING! I LOVE YOU!

AND I HATE YOU! YOU HAD MONEY ONCE... NOW YOU HAVE NOTHING! AND I'M TIED TO YOU! I COULD KILL YOU!

SHE... SHE TRIED TO KILL ME!

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!

I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU IN SEPARATE ROOMS TILL MORNING! I DON'T THINK I COULD STAND ANOTHER MURDER TONIGHT!

LATER...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THOSE TWO WERE SO MUCH IN LOVE! NOW THEY'RE... WHAT'S HAPPENING, ANYWAY?

IT'S THIS HOUSE, CAP... THIS HOUSE...

"THIS HOUSE... THIS HOUSE!" IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY? IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN INSANE! STOP YAPPING OR GET OUT!

OKAY... IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT...

...I'LL GET OUT!

SLAM!

WELL WHADDYA KNOW! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY... BLOWIN' UP!

GEE, PIGGY! I GUESS DEIR NOIVES IS JUMPIN'!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE KEYS! THIS BREAK-UP IS ONLY TEMPORARY, WHILE THEIR NOIVES IS SHOT... BUT WE COULD MAKE IT PERMANENT! I COULD TALK TO CAP...

...WHILE I BEND BUCKY'S EAR! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SPLIT UP! BOY! DAT'S LIKE SPLITTIN' DE ATOM!

HAVING GAINED ACCESS TO EACH OF THE HIGH-STRUNG CRIME-HUNTERS, THE RACKETEERS BEGIN TO SPEAK SOFTLY, INSINUATINGLY....

KIDS CAN SOMETIMES BE A PAIN IN THE NECK, EH, CAP? YAP, YAP, YAP, ALL THE TIME!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!

HE TREATS YA LIKE A DUMB KID! HE FORGETS HOW MANY TIMES YOU WERE SMART ENOUGH TO HELP HIM OUTTA JAMS! HE'S SLIPPED UP LOTSA TIMES HIMSELF!

SURE... NOBODY'S PERFECT!

HE'S LIKE ALL KIDS, ALWAYS GETTIN' UNDERFOOT! LOTS OF TIMES TOUGH GUYS GOT AWAY 'CAUSE THEY SLUGGED THE KID AND THEN YOU GOT SLUGGED 'CAUSE YOU WORRIED ABOUT HIM!

"CAPTAIN AMERICA_AND BUCKY!" THAT'S LIKE "AND CO.!" HE ALWAYS GETS TOP BILLING! HE ACTS LIKE YOU'RE JUST GOIN' ALONG FOR THE RIDE___BUT YOU'RE UP FRONT FACING DANGER RIGHT WITH HIM!

ORDINARILY, CAP AND BUCKY WOULD LAUGH AT THESE STATEMENTS BUT NOW, UNDER THE SPELL OF THE INSIDIOUS HOUSE, THE WORDS ARE LIKE HOT KNIVES, CUTTING DEEP! SLOWLY THE DUO IS BLINDED BY A CURTAIN OF MURDEROUS HATE.... **RED HATE**... HATE... **THE COLOR OF BLOOD!**

A GOOD SWATTING IS WHAT ALL KIDS NEED! GIVE IT TO HIM NOW! **NOW!**

YOU'RE RIGHT!

YOU OUGHT TO TALK UP TO HIM! TELL 'IM HE CAN'T PUSH YOU AROUND ANYMORE! TELL 'IM RIGHT NOW! **NOW!**

OKAY, I **WILL!**

A FEW SECONDS LATER IN THE GAME ROOM, CAP AND BUCKY MEET! LIKE TWO SLEEP-WALKERS, THEY ADVANCE TOWARD EACH OTHER...

THEN, AS IF GALVANIZED INTO VIOLENT MOVEMENT, THE TWO SPRING FORWARD!

WE'RE LOOKIN' AT WHAT NO PERSON HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE....CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER!

THE TWO FIGHT WORDLESSLY! THE ONLY SOUND IS THEIR HARSH BREATHING, THE DULL WHACK OF FIST UPON FLESH!

CRACK!

THEN, AS THEY LOCK GRIPS AGAIN, IT IS AS IF THEIR FISTS HAVE HAMMERED ONLY AT THAT RED CURTAIN OF HATE, RENDING IT, AND ALLOWING COLD SANITY TO PENETRATE!

WH-WHAT AM I DOING? BUCKY...

CAP... GOLLY... IT'S YOU... CAP...

HORRIFIED, CAP STAGGERS BACK, JARRING AN ANCIENT GRAMOPHONE, SETTING THE RECORD CYLINDER IN MOTION!

"TO ANYONE WHO ENTERS HERE, I, JASON TOMBS, WARN YOU LEAVE NOW, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! THIS IS A **HOUSE OF HATE... HATE AND MURDER!** EVEN AS IT WAS BEING BUILT, THE FIRST TOMBS MURDERED HIS BROTHER, IN A FIT OF RAGE!"

"AS YEARS PASSED, THERE WAS MORE HATE AND VIOLENCE! NO GENERATION OF TOMBS LIVED HERE WITHOUT MURDER BEING DONE! THIS HOUSE IS IMPREGNATED WITH THE EVIL OF MY ANCESTORS!"

HATE!

HATE!

HATE

THIS HOUSE IS BEWITCHED, FOR IT BLINDS WITH HATE ALL THOSE WHO LIVE WITHIN ITS GLOOMY WALLS! RATHER THAN SEE MORE MURDER DONE, I, THE LAST OF THE TOMBS, WILL HANG MYSELF THIS DAY, JANUARY 13, 1931!"

THEY SAY A HOUSE TAKES ON THE PERSONALITY OF THE PERSONS WHO HAVE LIVED IN IT! I'M NOT SAYING IT'S TRUE, BUT IT DOES ACCOUNT FOR THE MADNESS HERE TONIGHT! EVEN **WE** ALMOST KILLED EACH OTHER UNDER ITS SPELL!

WHICH REMINDS ME.... WHERE ARE THOSE TWO PUNKS WHO PUT US UP TO OUR FIGHT? AHHH.... **THERE YOU ARE!**

THEIR EXIT CUT OFF, THE TERRIFIED GANGSTERS SCRAMBLE MADLY UP THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE UPPER FLOOR...

I'LL BLAST 'EM SPRINGS LOOSE!

WATCH THAT KEROSENE LAMP!

AND ON THE ROOFTOP THE GANGSTERS FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED!

NOW, BUCKY LET'S START CLEANING HOUSE!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN CAP! WE'LL MOP 'EM UP!

EASY WITH THAT GUN, CHUM... YOU MIGHT HURT SOMEONE!

OOF!!

NOW I'M GOING TO KNOCK YOU OUT FROM BETWEEN YOUR EARS!

TOW!

BANG!

BUT SUDDENLY, KEYS AND PIGGY CATCH EACH OTHER'S EYES...EYES BLINDED BY HATE... RED HATE... HATE, THE COLOR OF BLOOD!

YOU STARTED THEM OFF! IT WAS ALL YOUR IDEA!

YOU!!

YOU DIRTY... AAAAGH!

YAAAA!

SUDDENLY...THE PREVIOUSLY UNOBSERVED FLAMES START SPREADING LIKE PRAIRIE FIRE!

TH--THE HOUSE IS **ON FIRE**, CAP! WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

AND MARK SMITH AND HIS WIFE ARE LOCKED IN THEIR ROOMS! YOU GRAB THE GIRL WHILE I GET SMITH!

LET ME ALONE! I HATE YOU...I HATE EVERYBODY!

ALL RIGHT SISTER...I'LL DISCUSS IT WITH YOU LATER! RIGHT NOW I'M IN A HURRY! **LET'S GO!**

I SEE YOU HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE TOO, CAP!

YES, THEY'RE EVIDENTLY STILL UNDER THE SPELL OF THE HOUSE! I HAD TO SOCK SMITH TO QUIET HIM!

THE FLAMES ARE HUNGRY AND SWIFT! THEN FROM THEIR MIDST COMES AN INHUMAN SHRIEK OF TERROR! PERHAPS IT IS A SPLITTING TIMBER....OR PERHAPS IT IS THE DEATH CRY OF THE EVIL SOUL OF THE **HOUSE OF HATE!**

AYEE-EEE

AND AS THE HOUSE DIES, SANITY AND LOVE RETURN TO MARK SMITH AND HIS WIFE....

HOLD ME CLOSE, DARLING! WHEN I THINK OF HOW NEAR WE CAME TO LOSING EACH OTHER!

WE'VE OUR WHOLE LIVES BEFORE US, DEAR! I HAVE NO DOUBTS ABOUT OUR FUTURE NOW! I'LL MAKE **SURE** IT'S A GOOD ONE!

STORM'S BROKEN, CAP! AND HERE COMES THE SUN! BOY! DOES THAT LOOK GOOD!

IT'S GOING TO BE A GREAT DAY, BUCKY.... A **GREAT** DAY!

THE END

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- ☐ Send me Perfex C.O.D. I am enclosing $1.00 deposit because I want my Case Personalized as GOLD. I'll pay postman balance of $2.95 plus postage.
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The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP

LOOK, JOE, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT RING, TOO
AW, COME ON LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE "FAIR"!
HEY, SUGAR, WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT HUMAN SKELETON AND GET A REAL MAN!
SEE HERE, YOU BETTER SHUT UP OR I'LL....
YOU'LL WHAT— YOU POOR CHUMP
OH, JOE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND BE A MAN!
DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING—I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME!
GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!
LATER
ONE HAND IS AS GOOD AS TWO WHEN YOU'RE AN ATLAS CHAMP
THERE GOES THE BELL— JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL
OUT OF THE WAY SMALL-FRY MAKE WAY FOR A MAN!
O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE MORE THAN THAT—YOU'RE A HE-MAN NOW!

I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, burlier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day. I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with muscle and vitality.

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"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from pitiful weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Department 60G, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York

—actual photo of the man who built the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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